*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* My Lord of *Gloceſter* hath conueyed him hence,
Some fiue or ſixe and thirty of his Knights hot queſtrits after
him, met him at gate, who with ſome other of the Lords depen-
dants are gone with him towards *Douer*, where they boaſt to
haue well armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horſes for your miſtris.

*Gon.* Farwell ſweet Lord and ſiſter.

*Exit Gon. and Baſt.*

*Corn. Edmund* farwell: go ſeeke the traitor *Gloceſter*,
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
Though we may not paſſe vpon his life
Without the forme of iuſtice, yet our power
Shall do a curteſie to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controle; who's there, the traitor?

*Enter Gloceſter, brought in by two or three.*

*Reg.* Ingratefull Fox tis he.

*Corn.* Binde faſt his corky armes.

*Gloſt.* What meanes your Graces, good my friends conſider,
You are my gueſts, do me no foule play friends.

*Corn.* Binde him I ſay.

*Reg.* Hard, hard, O filthy traitor!

*Gloſt.* Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.

*Corn.* To this chaire binde him, villaine thou ſhalt find——

*Gloſt.* By the kinde Gods tis moſt ignobly done, to plucke me
by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and ſuch a Traitor, (my chin,

*Gloſt.* Naughty Lady, theſe haires which thou doſt rauiſh frō
Will quicken and accuſe thee, I am your hoſt:
With robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours
You ſhould not ruffell thus, what will you do?

*Corn.* Come ſir, what letters had you late from *France*?

*Reg.* Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacy haue you with the traitors lately
footed in the kingdome?

*Reg.* To whoſe hands haue you ſent the lunaticke king, ſpeak?

*Gloſt.*



*Gloſt.* I haue a letter guef
Which came from one tha
And not from one oppoſed

*Corn.* Cunning.

*Reg.* And falſe.

*Corn.* Where haſt thou ſe

*Gloſt.* To *Douer*.

*Reg.* Wherefore to *Douer*

*Corn.* Wherefore to *Dou*

*Gloſt.* I am tide tot'h ſtak

*Reg.* Wherefore to *Douer*

*Gloſt.* Becauſe I would n
Plucke out his poore olde
In his aurynted fleſh raſh b
The ſea with ſuch a ſtorme
In hell blacke night endur
And quencht the ſteeled fir
He holpt the heauens to ra
If Wolues had at thy gate
Thou ſhouldſt haue ſaid, g
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd, b
The winged vengeance ou

*Corn.* See't ſhalt thou ne
Vpon thoſe eies of thine, Il

*Gloſt.* He that will think
Giue me ſome helpe, ô cru

*Reg.* One ſide will mock

*Corn.* If you ſee vengean

*Seruant.* Hold your hand
I haue ſeru'd you euer ſince
But better ſeruice haue I n

*Reg.* How now you dog

*Ser.* If you did weare a
this quarrell, what do you

*Corn.* My villaine.

*Ser.* Why then come on,

*Reg.* Giue me thy ſword,

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